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D.P.7

RYAN

STALKED BY THE WOODSMAN!

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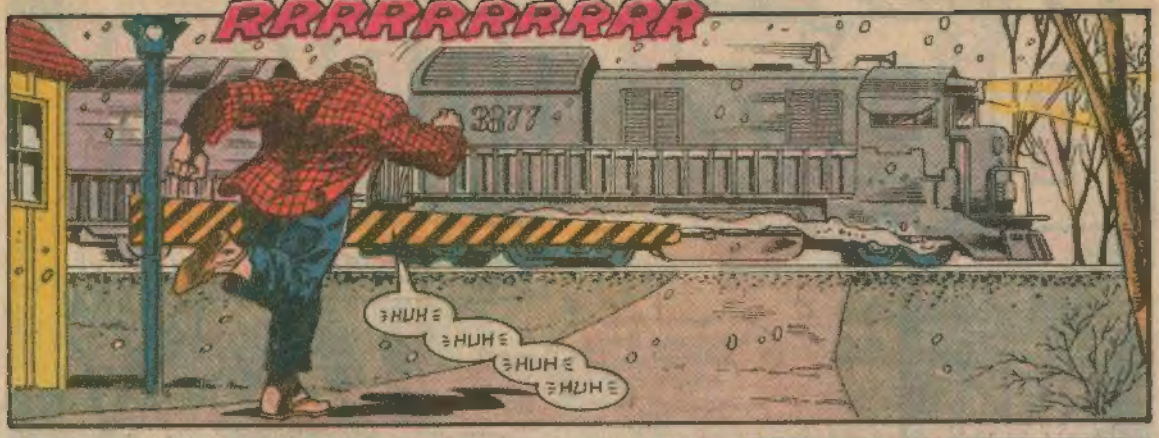

RRRRRRRRRRR
3877
HUH
HUH
HUH
HUH

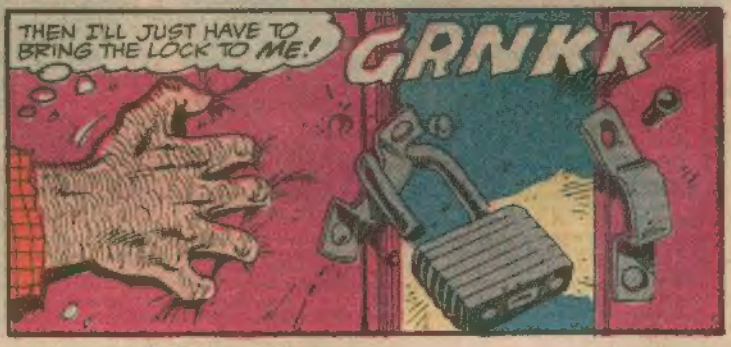
A LADDER!

WHOAAAA-- SLIPPERY!

RUNGS SO COLD... HARD TO--

THERE. I'M ON.
NOW... GOT TO GET INSIDE ONE OF THESE FREIGHTCARS...

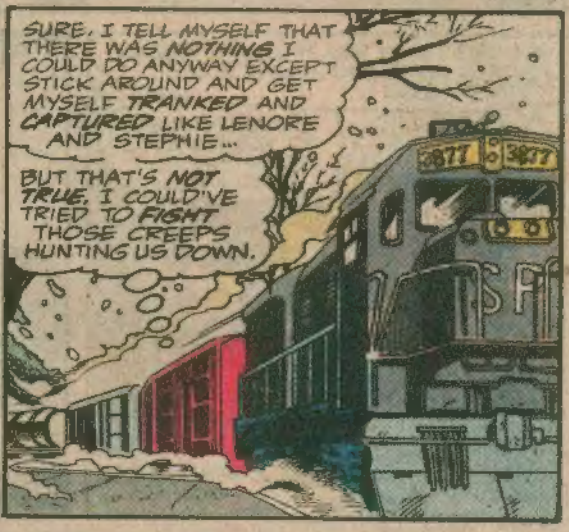
BLAST! CAN'T... REACH THE LOCK... FROM HERE!

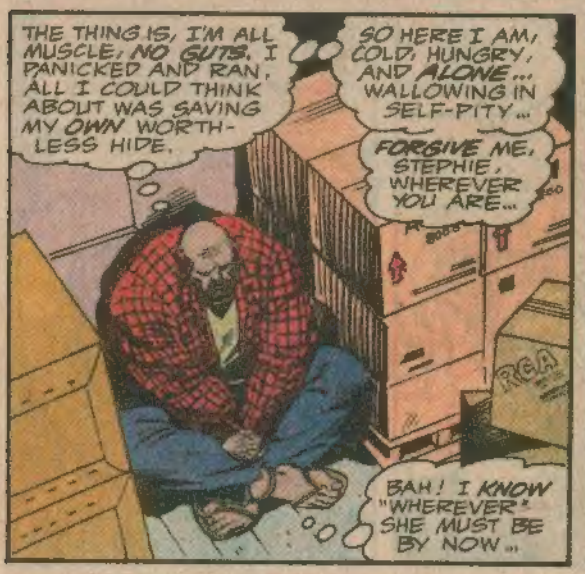

THEN I'LL JUST HAVE TO BRING THE LOCK TO ME!
GRNKK

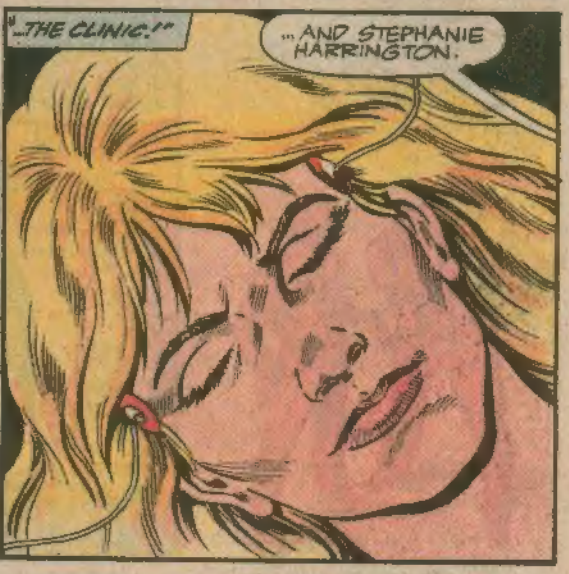
I'M IN LUCK FOR ONCE. THIS CAR'S NOT PACKED FULL.
TOSHIB
SANYO
RCA
TACHI

KRRNK
THERE. THAT'LL KEEP SOME OF THE COLD OUT.
TARI 8000
UNFORTUNATELY, MOST OF THE LIGHT, TOO.

THAT'S OKAY. WHAT DO I NEED TO SEE FOR?
I SURE AS HECK DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO SEE MYSELF. NOT AFTER WHAT I DID... RUNNING OUT ON MY FRIENDS.
'LEAST IF I EVER GET A BUSINESS CARD PRINTED UP, I KNOW WHAT TO PUT ON IT. "DAVID LANDERS, PARANORMAL MUSCLEMAN AND PROFESSIONAL COWARD."


SURE, I TELL MYSELF THAT THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO ANYWAY EXCEPT STICK AROUND AND GET MYSELF TRANKED AND CAPTURED LIKE LENORE AND STEPHIE...
BUT THAT'S NOT TRUE. I COULD'VE TRIED TO FIGHT THOSE CREEPS HUNTING US DOWN.


THE THING IS, I'M ALL MUSCLE, NO GUTS. I PANICKED AND RAN, ALL I COULD THINK ABOUT WAS SAVING MY OWN WORTHLESS HIDE.
SO HERE I AM, COLD, HUNGRY, AND ALONE... WALLOWING IN SELF-PITY...
FORGIVE ME, STEPHIE, WHEREVER YOU ARE...
BAH! I KNOW "WHEREVER" SHE MUST BE BY NOW...
RCA


"...THE CLINIC!"
...AND STEPHANIE HARRINGTON.

SIX OF THE SEVEN RUNAWAYS SLEEPING IN A ROW. HOW COZY.

BETTER GET SOMEBODY TO DELIVER US MORE GLUCOSE BAGS. EVEN TRANQUILIZED, WALTERS IS GOING THROUGH THEM ALMOST TWICE AS FAST AS THE OTHERS.

HEY, SPECK! CHARNE! YOU TWO WANNA LET ME IN ON WHAT YOU'RE WHISPERING ABOUT?

NO BIG SECRET, HACKBARTH. TRACY WAS JUST COMMENTING HOW YOU SEEM TO ENJOY IT HERE IN THE INTENSIVE CARE WARD.

NOW YOU WANT ME TO DO MORE TELESCANNING ON TOP OF THAT? I MAY BE PARANORMAL -- BUT I'M STILL ONLY HUMAN!
THERE'S ONLY SO MUCH YOU CAN SQUEEZE OUT OF ME BEFORE THERE'S NOTHING LEFT!

VERY WELL. I'LL DO IT MYSELF.

UH, YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE HER, SIR. WE'RE ALL DOING OUR BEST UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES.

I KNOW IT'S MY JOB TO REGULATE THOSE TWO, KEEP THEIR ADRENALINE HIGH AND THEIR FATIGUE-POISONS LOW...
...BUT IT'S PRETTY STRENUOUS TRYING TO ATTITUDE-ADJUST SIX PEOPLE WITHOUT GIVING THEM BRAIN-TRAUMA AND--

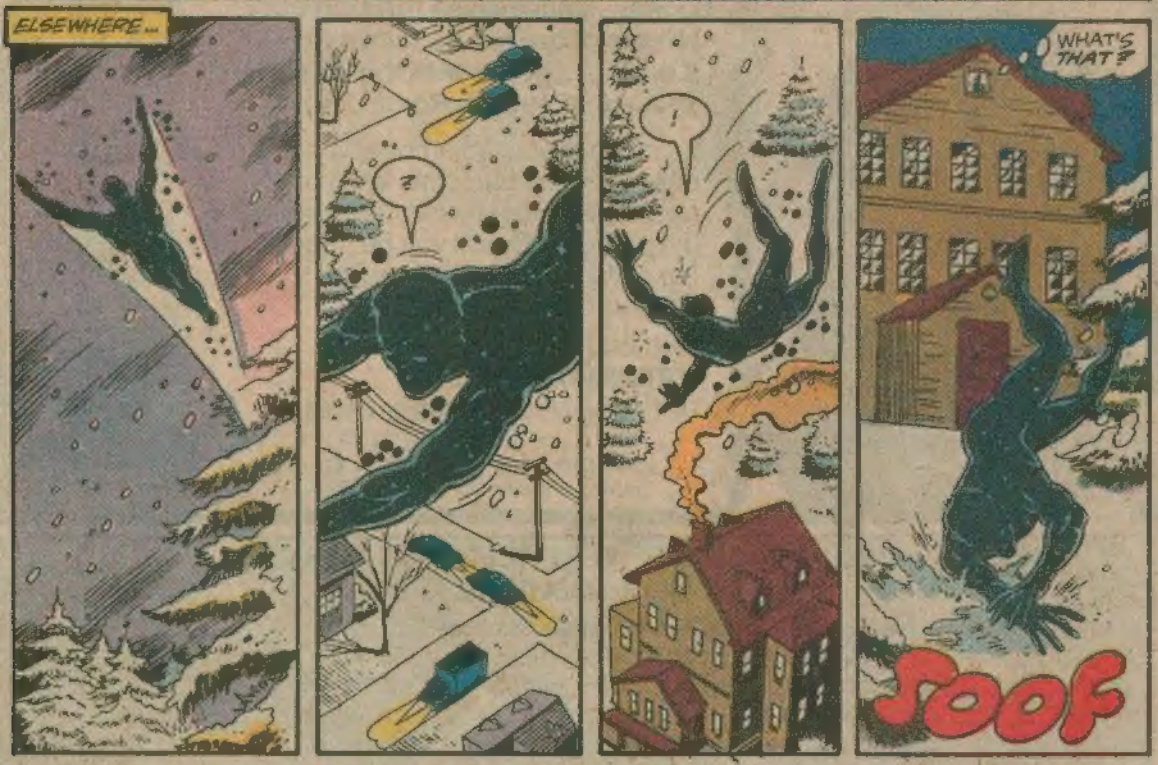
DON'T YOU HAVE WORK TO DO, MR. HACKBARTH?
HUH? UH, RIGHT.

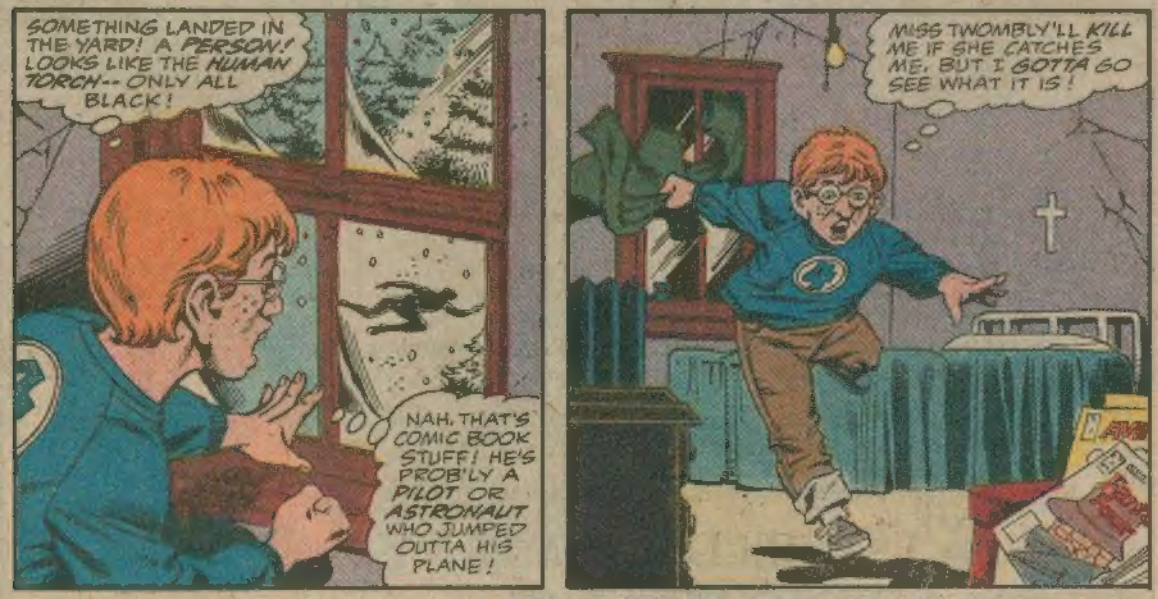
HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT GUY? AND I THOUGHT I WAS COMPASSIONLESS.
WONDER WHAT HE MEANT BY "DOING IT HIMSELF"? HE DOESN'T HAVE SPECK'S TELESCANNING POWER, DOES HE?

FUNNY, I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAT HIS PARANORMALITY IS.
EASY NOW, TRACE. YOU'RE TIRED, VOIGT KNOWS THAT. HE WON'T PUNISH YOU.

HEY, VOIGT SAID WE CAN TAKE A BREAK. I'LL REGULATE THE SLEEPING UGLIES TO HAVE NON-REM SLEEP TILL YOU GET BACK.
G'WAN, GRAB SOME COFFEE, OR SOME Z'S-- OR EACH OTHER, FOR ALL I CARE. I'LL MIND THE STORE.

OF THE SIX OF THESE FEEBS, THIS GUY, RANDY O'BRIEN, IS THE ONE I DISLIKE THE MOST, WHAT WITH THAT CRAZY "ANTIBODY" OF HIS!
ANYTHING THAT DOESN'T HAVE A NERVOUS SYSTEM I CAN LATCH ONTO MAKES ME JITTERY.
FUNNY, THAT THING USED TO COME OUT MOST OFTEN WHEN HE WAS ASLEEP, BUT WE HAVEN'T SEEN IT IN THE THREE DAYS HE'S BEEN HERE.
MAYBE IT FLEW THE COOP?


ELSEWHERE...
?
!
WHAT'S THAT?
SOOF


SOMETHING LANDED IN THE YARD! A PERSON! LOOKS LIKE THE HUMAN TORCH-- ONLY ALL BLACK!
NAH. THAT'S COMIC BOOK STUFF! HE'S PROB'LY A PILOT OR ASTRONAUT WHO JUMPED OUTTA HIS PLANE!
MISS TWOMBLY'LL KILL ME IF SHE CATCHES ME. BUT I GOTTA GO SEE WHAT IT IS!

OH, WOW! WHAT'S HE WEARING?
IT'S ALMOST LIKE I CAN... CAN SEE THROUGH 'IM.

HE AIN'T MOVING. HE AIN'T SMOKING LIKE HE'S HOT, EITHER!
MISTER--?

EEAAGH!
HE-- MOVED!

N-NO, STAY BACK! I DIDN'T--!

WHAT'RE YOU--?
HIS HANDS-- HE'S STICKING 'EM RIGHT INTO ME, BUT I DON'T FEEL NOTHIN' BUT--

EAOW! HE JUMPED RIGHT INSIDE ME! WHAT IS THIS?? A GHOST OR SOMETHING--?

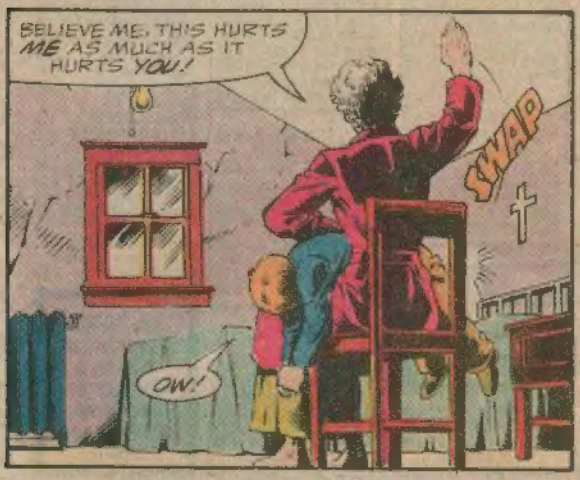
OH, WOW! SUDDENLY PICTURES ARE GOING THROUGH MY HEAD. I SEE PEOPLE, WEIRD PEOPLE WITH POWERS LIKE IN THE COMIC BOOKS!
IT'S LIKE I KNOW THEM, EVERYTHING ABOUT THEM, SCUZZ AND CHARLY AND DAVE AND... RANDY! THAT'S WHO THIS... THIS "ANTIBODY" BELONGS TO!..

...ONLY RANDY SENT HIM AWAY AND NOW HE CAN'T FIND HIM ANYMORE. AND IF HE DON'T FIND RANDY SOON--

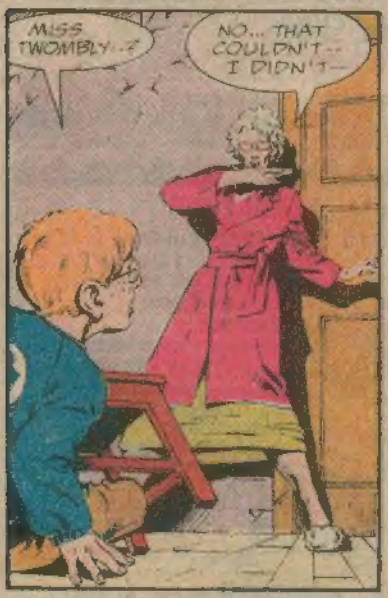
EVAN HUEBNER! WHAT IN THE DEVIL'S NAME ARE YOU DOING SITTING OUT HERE IN THE SNOW? YOU'LL CATCH YOUR DEATH OF COLD!
MISS TWOMBLY! I-I-! THERE'S THIS--!

THERE'S NO EXCUSE FOR THIS BEHAVIOR, YOUNG MAN! COME ALONG INSIDE!
BUT--!

EVAN'S GONNA GET IT!
EVAN'S GONNA GET IT!


BELIEVE ME, THIS HURTS ME AS MUCH AS IT HURTS YOU!
SWAP
OW!

OHHH!


MISS TWOMBLY...?
NO... THAT COULDN'T-- I DIDN'T--

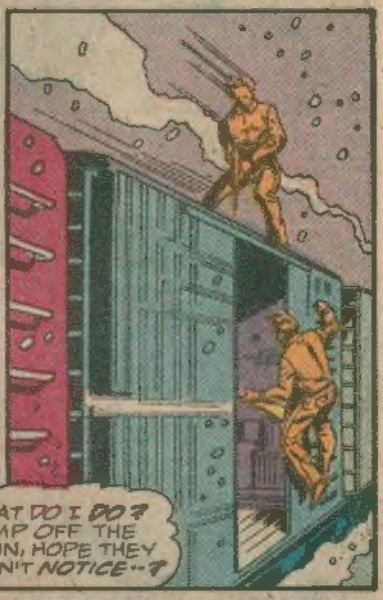
EDNA, YOU'D BETTER GO MAKE YOURSELF A POT OF THAT MEDICINE TEA AND GO TO BED!
EVAN GOT A LICKIN'!

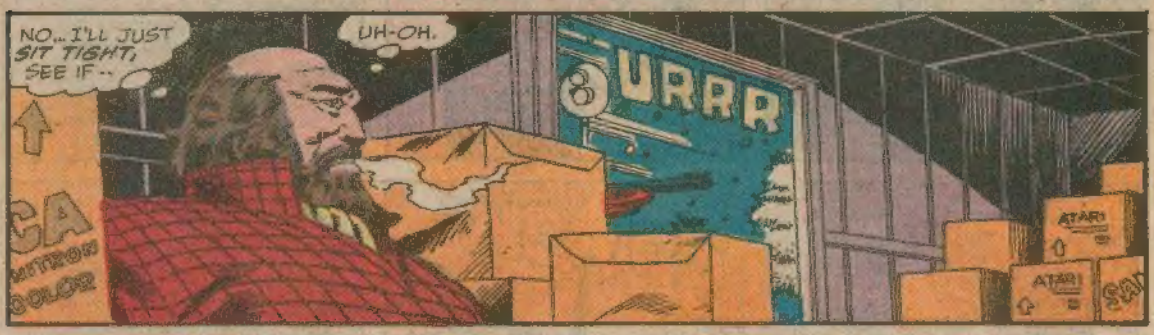
GEE, THANKS, SHADOWMAN. YOU SAVED ME FROM TWENTY MORE LICKS!

SIX HOURS LATER...
WHERE AM I... OH YEAH... WONDER WHAT TIME IT IS... STILL PRETTY DARK OUTSIDE...

NNNGH! BACK STIFF AS A BOARD. WHERE THE HECK IS THIS? LOOKS LIKE NORTHERN WISCONSIN... MAYBE EVEN CANADA...
HUNGRY... WONDER WHERE I--

WHAT THE--?
HUNTERS! THEY'VE GOT TO BE LOOKING FOR ME!


WHAT DO I DO? JUMP OFF THE TRAIN, HOPE THEY DON'T NOTICE--?


NO... I'LL JUST SIT TIGHT, SEE IF--
UH-OH.
URRR
ATARI
ATARI

WHUH--?

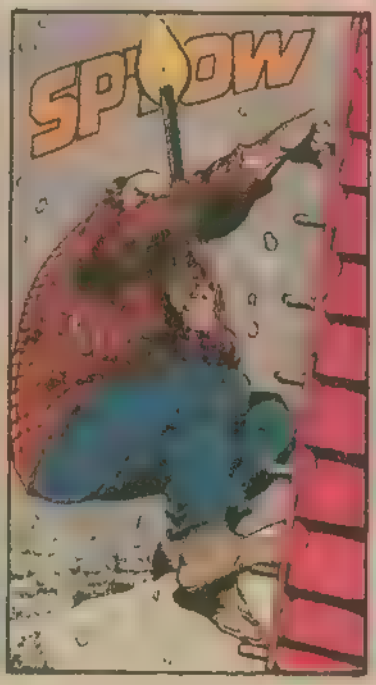
KRTAAK

GOT HIM GOOD. IS HE--? YEAH, STILL BREATHING. BUT THERE'S A LOT OF BLOOD.
WELL, THAT'S TOO DARN BAD. THEY STARTED THIS.

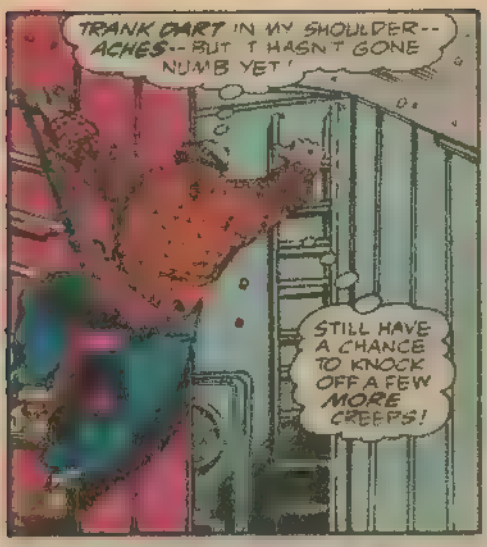
I DIDN'T ASK TO BE HUNTED DOWN LIKE AN ANIMAL. I HAVEN'T COMMITTED ANY CRIME!

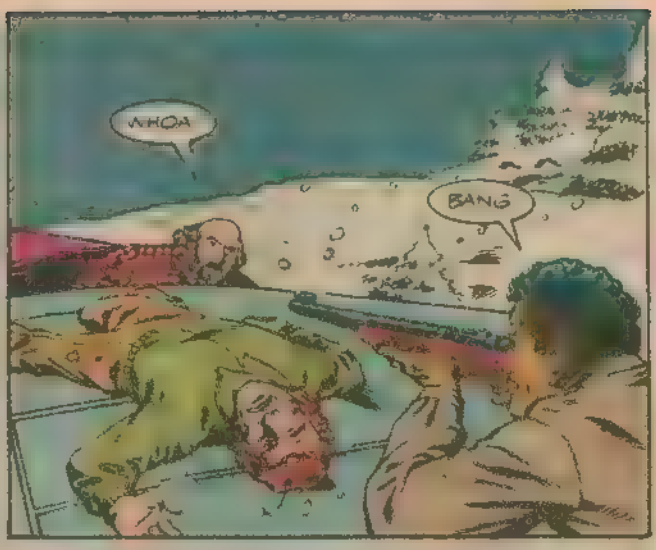
THEY'RE THE CRIMINALS-- HUNTING DOWN PEOPLE FOR MONEY!
THE CLINIC MUST BE RUN BY NUTCASES TO STICK SO MUCH MONEY INTO NABBING ONE LOUSY RUNAWAY PATIENT!

FRALEY! FOUND HIM!
PHUM
AHK!

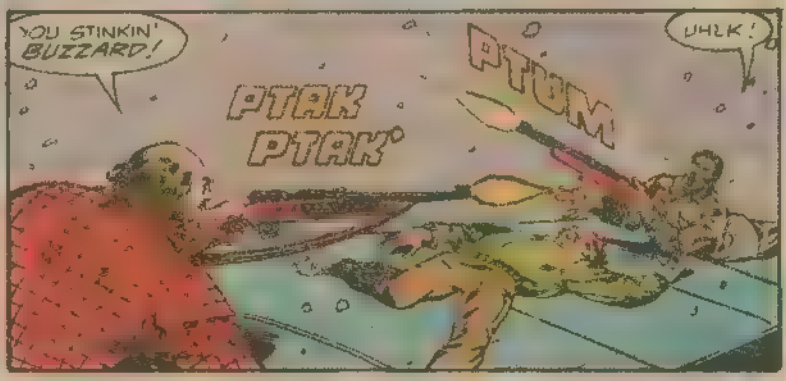

SPLOW

URGK!

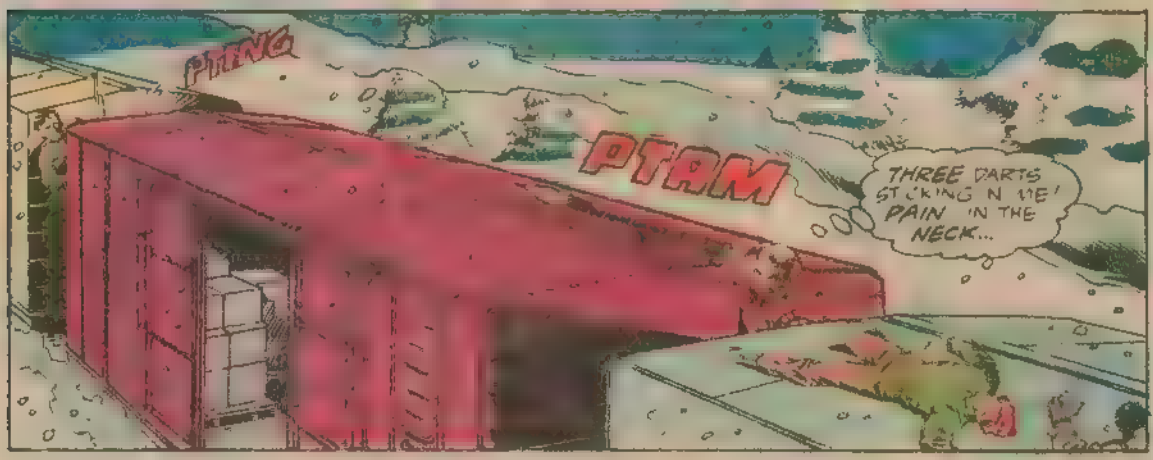

TRANK DART IN MY SHOULDER-- ACHES-- BUT I HASN'T GONE NUMB YET!
STILL HAVE A CHANCE TO KNOCK OFF A FEW MORE CREEPS!


WHOA
BANG

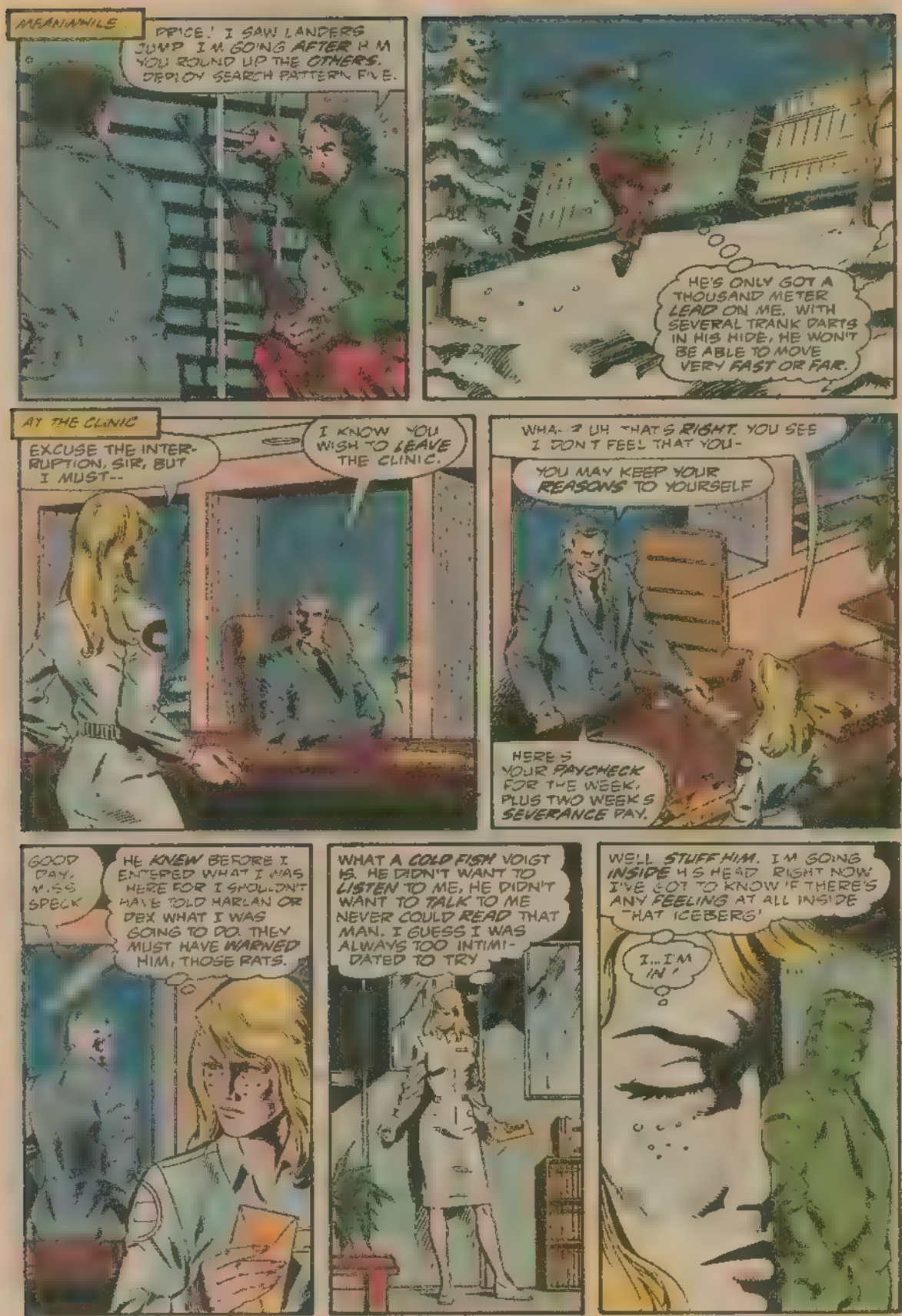
PHEET
CLOSE

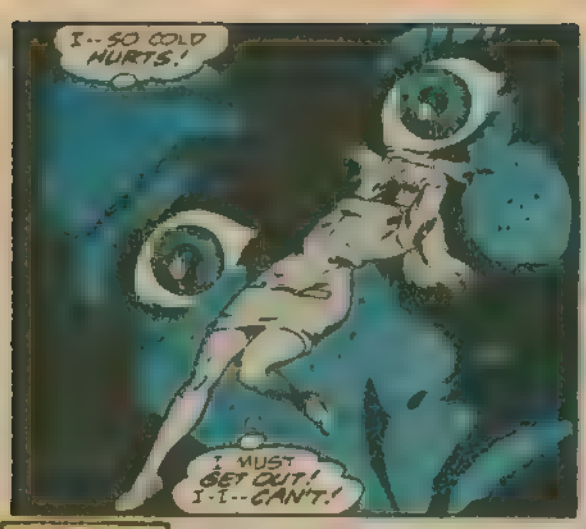

YOU STINKIN' BUZZARD!
PTAK PTAK
PTUM
UHLK!

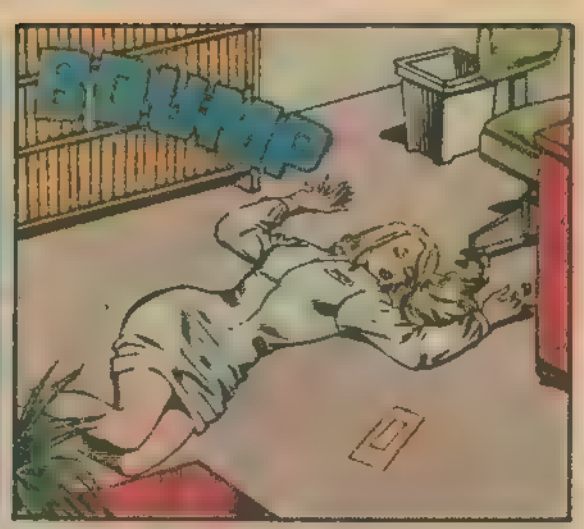
TWO DOWN HOW MANY MORE ARE ?
THUT
THUT
AAAA!

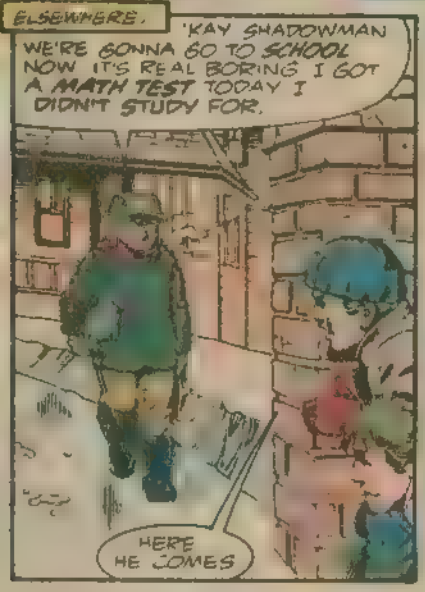

PTING
PTAM
THREE DARTS STICKING IN ME! PAIN IN THE NECK...

VISION GOING BLURRY BETTER JUMP BEFORE I FALL BETWEEN THE CARS
GOING AROUND A CURVE MAYBE THEY WON'T SEE ME
OOF!
EHHH
UHLKK
UNKH
JUST PUT ONE STUPID FOOT IN FRONT OF ANOTHER. THAT'S NOT SO BLASTED HARD... IS IT?


MEANWHILE
PRICE! I SAW LANDERS JUMP. I'M GOING AFTER HIM. YOU ROUND UP THE OTHERS. DEPLOY SEARCH PATTERN FIVE.
HE'S ONLY GOT A THOUSAND METER LEAD ON ME. WITH SEVERAL TRANK DARTS IN HIS HIDE, HE WON'T BE ABLE TO MOVE VERY FAST OR FAR.
AT THE CLINIC
EXCUSE THE INTERRUPTION, SIR, BUT I MUST--
I KNOW YOU WISH TO LEAVE THE CLINIC.
WHA-? UH THAT'S RIGHT. YOU SEE I DON'T FEEL THAT YOU-
YOU MAY KEEP YOUR REASONS TO YOURSELF
HERE'S YOUR PAYCHECK FOR THE WEEK, PLUS TWO WEEKS SEVERANCE PAY.
GOOD DAY, MISS SPECK
HE KNEW BEFORE I ENTERED WHAT I WAS HERE FOR. I SHOULDN'T HAVE TOLD HARLAN OR DEX WHAT I WAS GOING TO DO. THEY MUST HAVE WARNED HIM, THOSE RATS.
WHAT A COLD FISH VOIGT IS. HE DIDN'T WANT TO LISTEN TO ME, HE DIDN'T WANT TO TALK TO ME. NEVER COULD READ THAT MAN. I GUESS I WAS ALWAYS TOO INTIMIDATED TO TRY.
WELL STUFF HIM. I'M GOING INSIDE HIS HEAD RIGHT NOW. I'VE GOT TO KNOW IF THERE'S ANY FEELING AT ALL INSIDE THAT ICEBERG!
I... I'M IN!

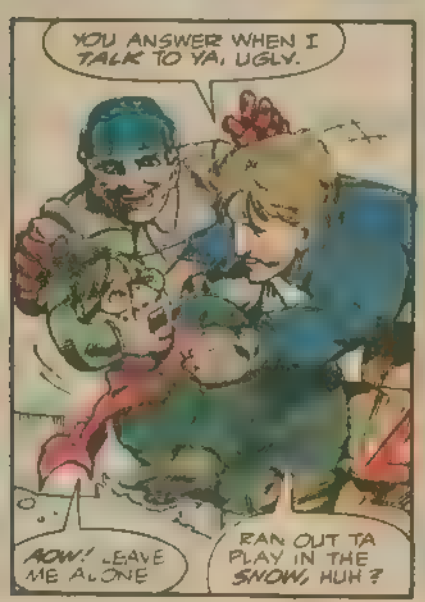

I--SO COLD HURTS!
I MUST GET OUT! I-I--CAN'T!


BROOMP


ELSEWHERE.
'KAY SHADOWMAN WE'RE GONNA GO TO SCHOOL NOW IT'S REAL BORING I GOT A MATH TEST TODAY I DIDN'T STUDY FOR.
HERE HE COMES

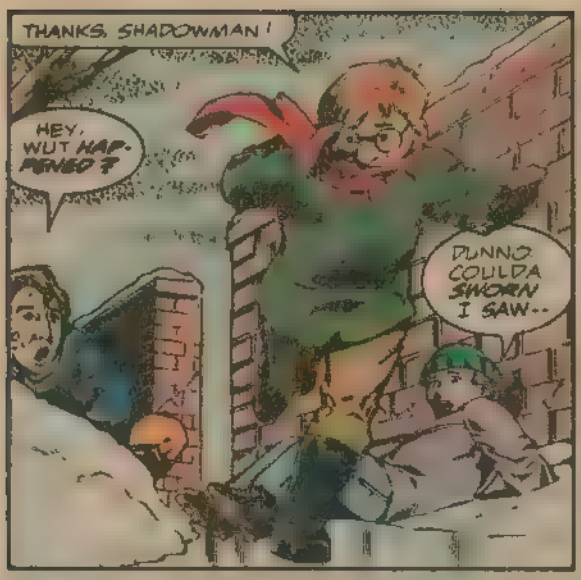
BOOOAAAH!
YIKES!

TOLDJA, MIKEY. HE AIN'T GOTTEN BRAVE ALLA SUDDEN
SO HOWCUM YA BROKE THE RULES AN RAN OUTSIDE LAS NIGHT UGLY?


YOU ANSWER WHEN I TALK TO YA, UGLY.
AOW! LEAVE ME ALONE
RAN OUT TA PLAY IN THE SNOW, HUH?

HERE' ALL THE SNOW YOU CAN EAT!
MMNNH!

WAAA
WAM


THANKS, SHADOWMAN!
HEY, WUT HAPPENED?
DUNNO COULDA SWORN I SAW...

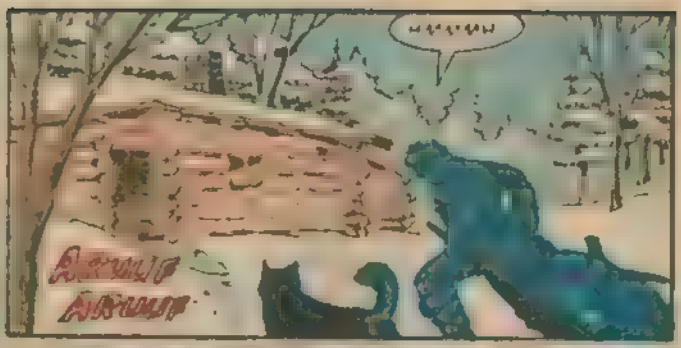
SOON.
WOWEE! WITH YOU AROUN' I'LL NEVER HAFTA GET BEAT UP AGAIN
SAY WHAT RE YOU DOING? WRITING IN THE SNOW?

HUH?
DYING! NEED HELP TO FIND HOST

WH WHAT'S A HOST?

EARLIER
WHAT HAVE WE HERE, DEMON?
SNIFF! SNIFF!

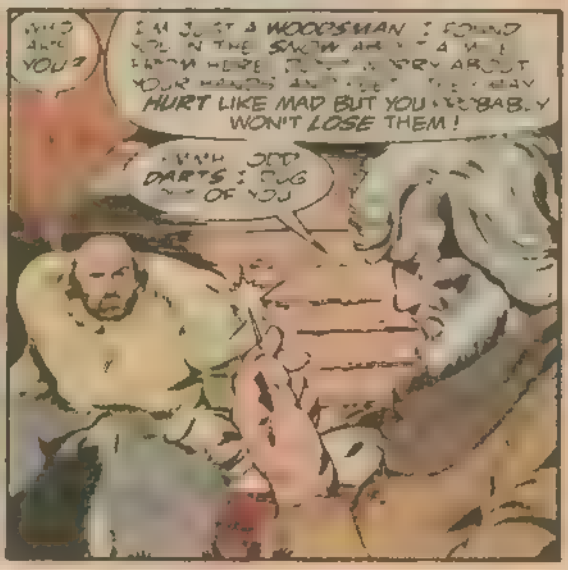
ALIVE, IS HE?
HE WON'T BE FOR LONG OUT HERE


HHHHHH
AHHHH!
AHHHH!

HE'S ONE BIG MOTHER'S SON

FROSTBITE ON HIS HANDS, FEET, FACE... DEMON, GO GET THE MEDICINE

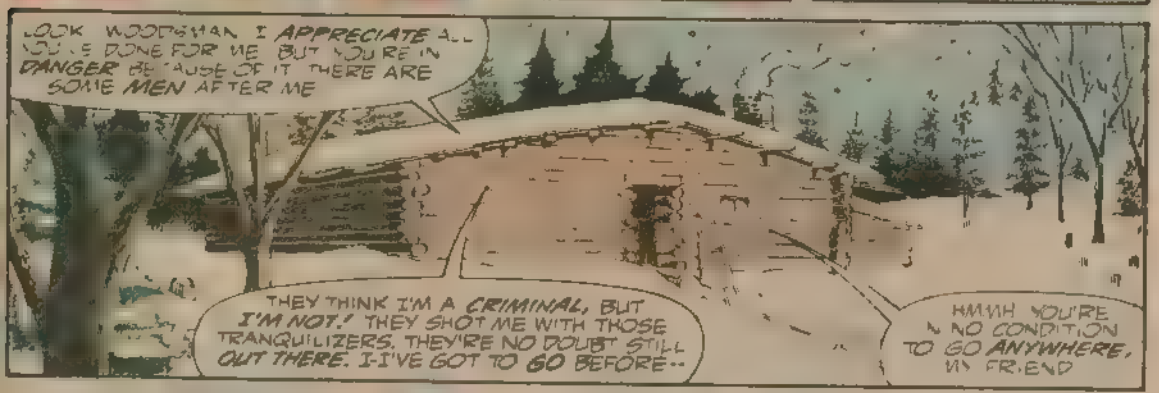
WHERE?

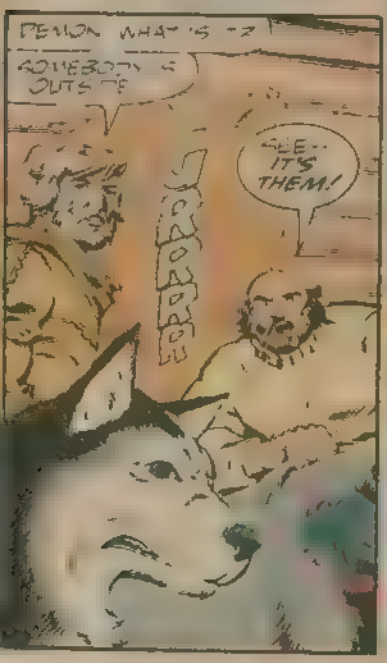

WHO ARE YOU?
I AM JUST A WOODSMAN. I FOUND YOU IN THE SNOW AND I'M AFRAID YOUR HANDS AND FEET MAY HURT LIKE MAD BUT YOU PROBABLY WON'T LOSE THEM!
DARTS! DUG OUT OF YOU

THIS GUY CAN'T BE ONE OF THE CLINIC HUNTERS, CAN HE?
NEVER SEEN DARTS QUITE LIKE THEM BEFORE HOLLOW. HAD SOME SORT OF POISON IN THEM DID THEY?
YEAH
HMMH

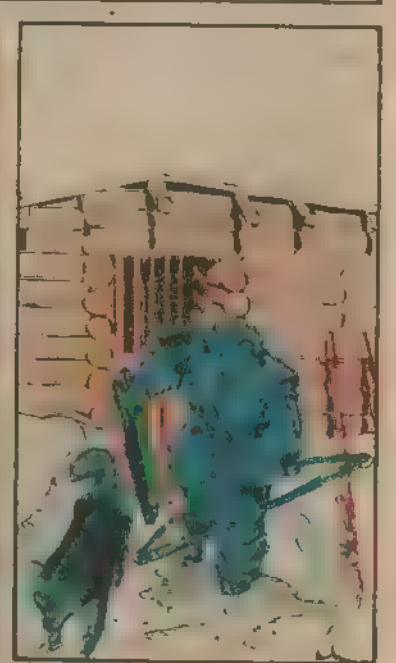
I MADE SOME RABBIT STEW YOU SHOULD EAT IT
WHY WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS FOR ME?

I DON'T KNOW. YOU WERE IN NEED. ARE YOU OKAY?
JUST DIZZY... THE DARTS

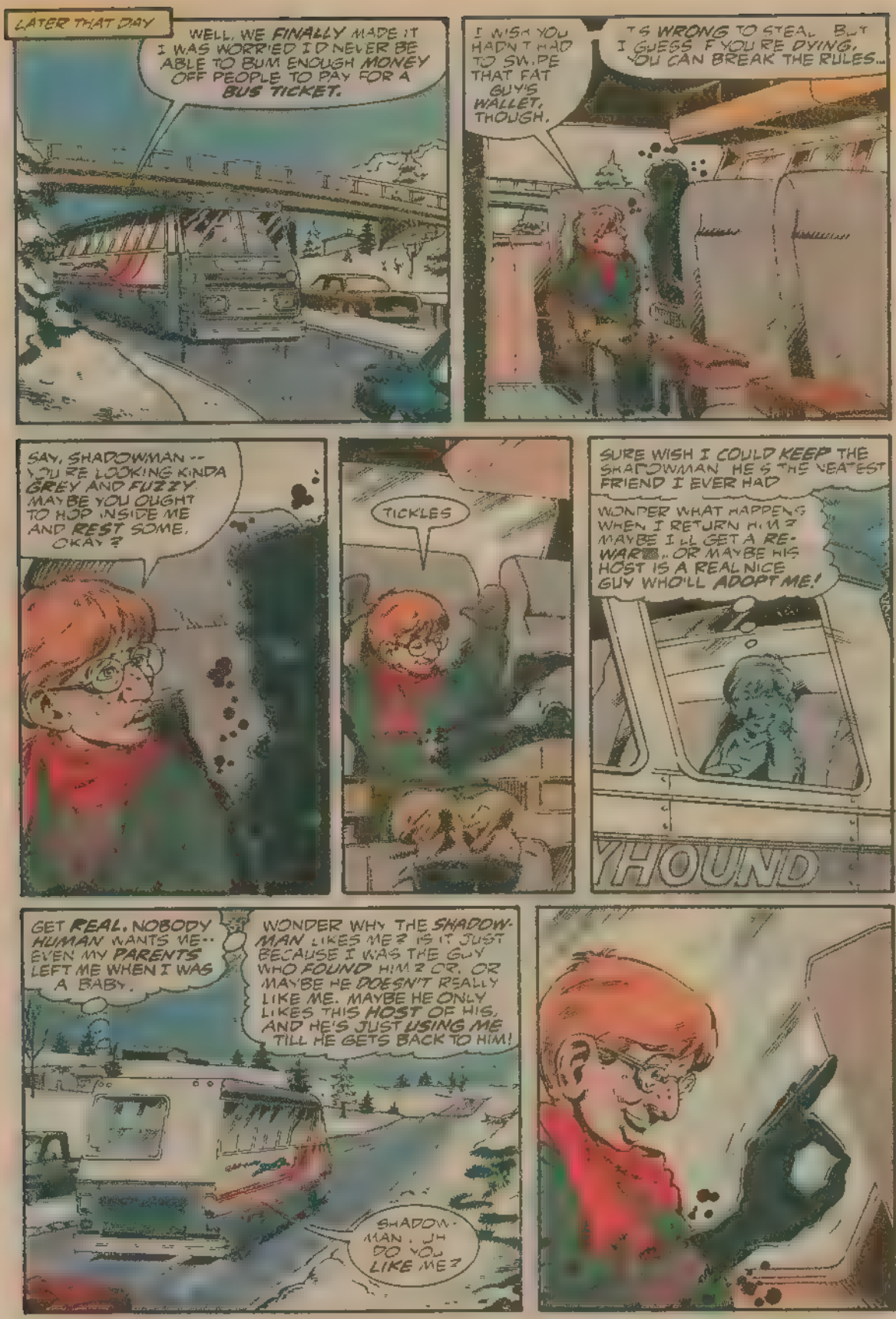

LOOK WOODSMAN I APPRECIATE ALL YOU'VE DONE FOR ME BUT YOU'RE IN DANGER BECAUSE OF IT THERE ARE SOME MEN AFTER ME
THEY THINK I'M A CRIMINAL, BUT I'M NOT! THEY SHOT ME WITH THOSE TRANQUILIZERS. THEY'RE NO DOUBT STILL OUT THERE. I-I'VE GOT TO GO BEFORE--
HMMH YOU'RE IN NO CONDITION TO GO ANYWHERE, MY FRIEND


DEMON WHAT'S--?
SOMEBODY'S OUTSIDE
SEE-- IT'S THEM!

YOU STAY HERE, EAT THAT STEW. I'LL GO TO THEM
BUT--!



THE CLINIC...
TRACY HOW YOU DOING? HAVE A GOOD NAP?
DES..? WHAT AM..GEE, HOW LONG WAS I ASLEEP?
SIX HOURS
WHAT A...WEIRD DREAM I WAS HAVING AT LEAST I THINK IT WAS A DREAM.
I DREAMT I HAD GONE UP TO VOIGT TO TELL HIM I WAS GOING TO QUIT...
ON AN IMPULSE I DECIDED TO PEEK INTO HIS MIND.
AND SUDDENLY I FELT AS IF I WAS FALLING THROUGH AN END-LESS VOID... BLACKNESS ALL AROUND ME..."
IT WAS LIKE I WAS ALL ALONE, CUT OFF FROM EVERYONE AND EVERY-THING. I FELT THE UNIVERSE ITSELF HAD ABANDONED ME, CAST ME OFF..
IT SEEMED LIKE FOREVER I FINALLY GAVE UP ALL HOPE OF RESCUE
"THEN, MR. VOIGT WAS STANDING THERE, GLEAMING IN THE DARKNESS. HE HELD OUT HIS HAND I TOOK IT HE SAID 'YOU CHILD YOU ARE NOT ALONE'
THEN HE LEFT ME BACK INTO THE LIGHT"
THE DREAM ANALYSTS WOULD HAVE A FIELD DAY WITH THAT ONE, WOULDN'T THEY? I'M SURE I'M FLATTERED TO KNOW MY SUBCONSCIOUS CHOSE HIM TO BE MY SYMBOLIC FATHER-PROTECTOR FIGURE
TRACY WOULD KILL ME IF SHE LEARNED SHE REALLY DID GO TO VOIGT TO QUIT..
..AND I JUST SPENT THE BETTER PART OF FOUR HOURS ATTEMPTING TO CONVINCE HER AND TO THINK IT WAS ALL A DREAM. HMMM, I WONDER WHAT MADE HER HALLUCINATE THAT LOST-IN-THE-VOID STUFF?
OKAY SWEET HEARTS NAP TIMES OVER WE GOT WORK TO DO

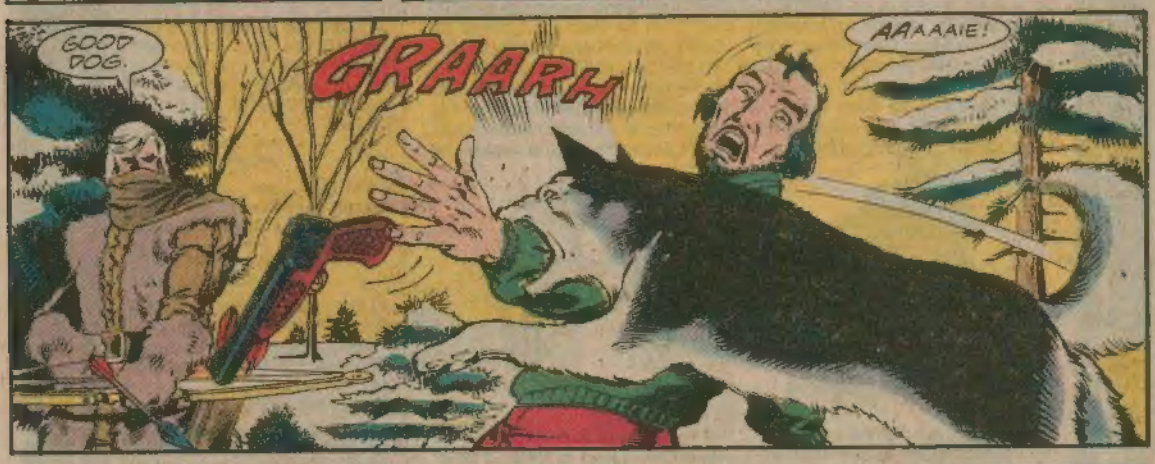

LATER THAT DAY
WELL, WE FINALLY MADE IT. I WAS WORRIED I'D NEVER BE ABLE TO BUM ENOUGH MONEY OFF PEOPLE TO PAY FOR A BUS TICKET.
I WISH YOU HADN'T HAD TO SWIPE THAT FAT GUY'S WALLET, THOUGH.
IT'S WRONG TO STEAL. BUT I GUESS IF YOU'RE DYING, YOU CAN BREAK THE RULES...
SAY, SHADOWMAN -- YOU'RE LOOKING KINDA GREY AND FUZZY. MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO HOP INSIDE ME AND REST SOME, OKAY?
TICKLES
SURE WISH I COULD KEEP THE SHADOWMAN. HE'S THE NEATEST FRIEND I EVER HAD.
WONDER WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I RETURN HIM? MAYBE I'LL GET A REWARD... OR MAYBE HIS HOST IS A REAL NICE GUY WHO'LL ADOPT ME!
YHOUND
GET REAL. NOBODY HUMAN WANTS ME-- EVEN MY PARENTS LEFT ME WHEN I WAS A BABY.
WONDER WHY THE SHADOWMAN LIKES ME? IS IT JUST BECAUSE I WAS THE GUY WHO FOUND HIM? OR, OR MAYBE HE DOESN'T REALLY LIKE ME. MAYBE HE ONLY LIKES THIS HOST OF HIS, AND HE'S JUST USING ME TILL HE GETS BACK TO HIM!
SHADOWMAN, DO YOU LIKE ME?

EARLIER SOMEWHERE NORTH
A CABIN! THAT'S WHERE LANDERS MUST HAVE BEEN HOLED UP ALL NIGHT!
WHILE WE'VE BEEN FREEZING OUR BUNS OFF OUT HERE IN THE WOODS HE'S PROBABLY BEEN SNUGGLED UP NEXT TO A FIREPLACE!
ZRRR
WELL LANDERS I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU MANAGED TO GET THIS FAR WITH SEVERAL TRANKS STUCK IN YOUR WORTHLESS HIDE. BUT YOUR LUCK IS ABOUT TO RUN--WHAT?
GRRRR
A DOG--A SIBERIAN HUSKY! IS IT WILD--OR DOES IT BELONG TO--
--SOMEONE--?!?
THROW YOUR RIFLE OUT OF REACH AND SLOWLY GET TO YOUR FEET.
WHO IN THE--?
I DIDN'T HEAR ANYONE APPROACH!
KEEP YOUR HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE THEM. DON'T TURN AROUND AND START WALKING.

YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE, PAL. I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU THINK I AM, BUT WHAT I'M DOING HERE HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU!
KEEP WALKING.

I'M NOT ALONE. I'VE GOT FIVE FRIENDS AND THEY EACH HAVE RIFLES AND THEY'RE ALL WITHIN A FEW THOUSAND YARDS OF HERE.
KEEP WALKING.
NOW--

NOW'S MY CHANCE!

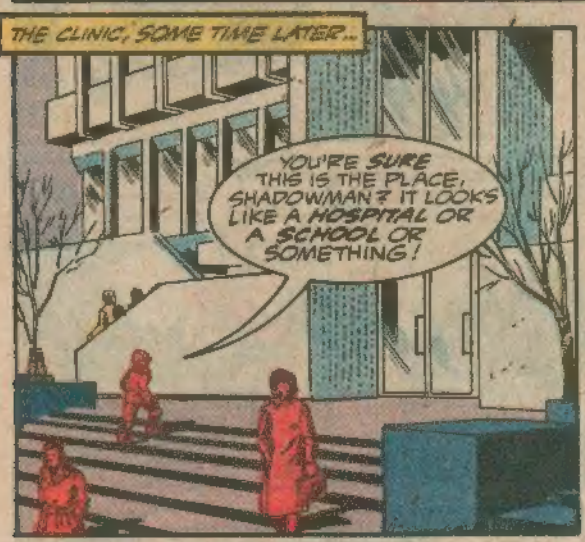

GOOD DOG.
GRAARH
AAAAAIE!

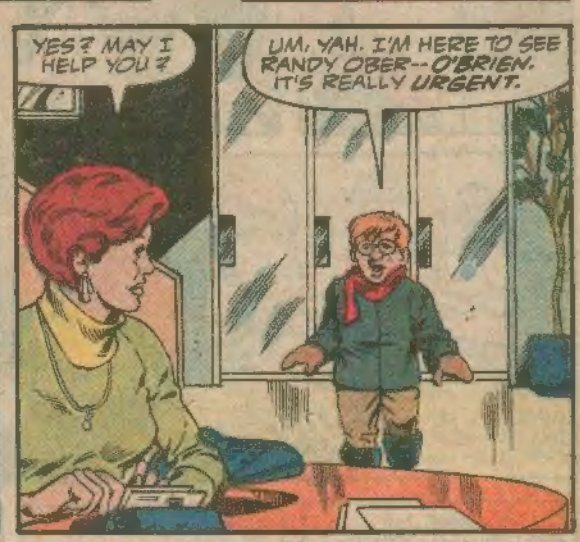
HMMH. YOU'RE LUCKY. IF I HADN'T SEEN DEMON GO FOR YOU, THIS ARROW WOULD NOW BE LODGED BETWEEN YOUR LUNGS.
GET UP.
GRRR

WHO IS THIS GUY--A DEMENTED FUR TRAPPER? WHAT'S HE TAKING ME TO HIS CABIN FOR?

WOODSMAN! THAT'S ONE OF THE MEN AFTER ME--! WHY DID YOU SHOW HIM WHERE I AM?!!
LANDERS! HE IS HERE!
GRR

THE THREE OF US ARE GOING TO HAVE A TALK. I WANT TO KNOW WHY HE'S AFTER YOU... WHAT HE BELIEVES YOU'VE DONE.
THEN I WILL DECIDE WHAT TO DO NEXT.


THE CLINIC, SOME TIME LATER...
YOU'RE SURE THIS IS THE PLACE, SHADOWMAN? IT LOOKS LIKE A HOSPITAL OR A SCHOOL OR SOMETHING!


YES? MAY I HELP YOU?
UM, YAH. I'M HERE TO SEE RANDY O'BER--O'BRIEN. IT'S REALLY URGENT.

I SEE. ARE YOU A RELATIVE?
UH, NO. JUST A FRIEND... OF A FRIEND.
I REALLY NEED TO SEE HIM QUICK. IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!
OKAY. YOUR NAME?
EVAN HUEBNER.

MR. VOIGT, THERE'S A BOY HERE WHO WISHES TO SEE RANDY O'BRIEN...
RIGHT.

MR. HUEBNER?
ARE--ARE YOU RANDY O'BRIEN?
NO. I'M PHILIP NOLAN VOIGT.

YOU'VE FOUND THE ANTIBODY, HAVEN'T YOU?
WHAT? YOU MEAN--? YOU KNOW ABOUT--?

OF COURSE, YOUNG MAN. NOW BRING THE CREATURE FORTH.
WELL, I-I'M NOT SURE IF--

ALL RIGHT.
COME ON OUT, SHADOW-MAN.

WHAT--?
ORDERLIES!

SHADOWMAN! WHAT'S WRONG?
QUICK--BRING RANDY O'BRIEN! ONLY HE CAN--
HE'S NOT SOLID! I'M GOING RIGHT THROUGH HIM!

NO, PLEASE, SHADOWMAN, DON'T FADE OUT ON ME. WE MADE IT. YOUR...YOUR HOST IS HERE. HE CAN HELP YOU!

SHADOWMAN! PLEASE-- PLEASE! DON'T LEAVE ME! DON'T DIE--!

IT'S NOT FAIR! EVERY-BODY I CARE ABOUT LEAVES ME. NO-BODY EVER-- EVER--!

I'M ALONE AGAIN!
ALONE.
ALONE.
ALONE.

END

Where in the New Universe has the D.P. 7 letters page been these past nine issues? Our readers demand to know. Well . . . ahem, it seems our creative cohorts, Mark Gruenwald and Paul Ryan, keep insisting on producing 23 page stories instead of 22, eating up the space we customarily reserve for reader correspondence. This issue is no exception. But we've begged the Powers That Be to allow us an extra page for editorial material this go around, so we can finally present a smattering of your opinions about the saga of our seven displaced paranormals. So what are we waiting for . . . ?

new universe

LETTERS TO: D.P.7

DISPLACED PARANORMALS

Editor-Ralph Macchio **Assistant Editor-Craig Anderson**
MARVEL COMICS GROUP—387 Park Avenue South—New York, New York—10016
Attention correspondents: if you don't want your full address printed, please be sure to tell us so!

Dear Ralph,

After reading a quinzillion original stories, I'm beginning to appreciate how difficult it is to introduce a full cast of characters, provide them with full personalities and believable motivations, get as many nit-picky origin type details as possible out of the way, and still find time to tell an interesting story. Some writers fall into the "endless pages of talking heads" trap. Others resort to the improbable device of a hero mulling over his life story while in the midst of a life-or-death struggle with his first foe. ("Gee, I can't believe that just this morning I was poor but honest cub reporter Willie Winkle. If it hadn't been for that radioactive lightning bolt from Saturn . . .") Mark has, I think, struck an admirable balance between action and exposition in D.P. 7 #1.

Given that the New Universe titles are intended to focus on "real world" type of problems and situations, a number of questions come to mind about the future lives of our new heroes. Just how expensive is it going to be to feed David Landers and keep Scuzz in skivvies? Is a sixtyish ex-schoolteacher really up to a midnight run through the woods, let alone a real battle? How will Randy O'Brien react now that his future in medicine (not to mention very expensive medical education) may very well have been shot to bits? Also, Landers is still complaining about new muscles coming in a full month after his transformation began. Is the process tapering off? Or will he continue to grow and become increasingly musclebound and ineffective?

All in all, D.P. 7 shows more promise than any team book I've seen in several years. I'm looking forward to what the future will bring.

Darin M. Wallace
(address not on letter)

Dear D.P. 7,

Until recently I was beginning to worry about Marvel, thinking that maybe you had lost the old magic. When I heard about the New Universe, I had a feeling the trend toward lesser quality would continue. But I had a different feeling about D.P. 7 from the first. After reading it, I can say that this is one of the greatest books I have seen come out of Marvel in years. There are several reasons for this.

1. The characters. There are so many good characters and character relations here. The D.P. 7 members work incredibly well together. The old stereotypes are not there. The best example is Dave, who, though huge, is neither bulletproof nor inarticulate like many strength-based Marvel characters. His feeling toward Stephanie is wonderful. There are so many opportunities for character development. Also, there is no bickering in the group. There are a few wry comments passed here and there, but the D.P. 7 is not constantly at war with one another. The camaraderie displayed is a real breath of fresh air.

2. The powers. Even though some of the powers are old hat (like super-speed), new life seems to have breathed into them. Many of the elements in the story are not new, but are done with such freshness that the book feels new.

3. The creative team. Mr. Gruenwald, Mr Ryan and Mr. Tanghal have obviously put a lot into this. Please do not change the creative team, not even the colorist or letterer.

I'm not going to make suggestions about the book because you folks seems to know what you're doing. Rest assured, if I see something I don't like, I'll let you know. I hope you will continue with the high standard you have set for yourselves. You guys have a classic on your hands.

Andy Vetromile
(address withheld by request)
Marietta, Georgia 30066

Dear Mr. Macchio,

When I first heard of the New Universe and the titles of its books, I thought they sounded ridiculous. But I knew I still had to give the books a fair chance. I just finished D.P. 7 #1 and now I know that I will have to follow this book every month. Mr. Gruenwald's script reminds me of some of the better science-fiction movies that network TV produces. Since the budget is relatively small, the story must be strong in order to keep the audience a special effects least would keep. I am especially endeared to the character of the Antibody. The art by Paul Ryan and Romeo Tanghal is pretty strong, but it owes quite a bit to the coloring of Paul Becton. If we are lucky, this team will stay together. Keep up the good work.

Leroy Dousseaux
Route 2 Box 348
Opelousas, LA 70570

Dear Comics People,

It's not exactly easy these days to come up with a new *good* super hero group (it seems to be easier to be contented with just a *new* super hero group), but you might just have made it with the D.P. 7. With seven distinct personalities, you've added enough suspense and intrigue to their situation to make the whole thing entertaining. Just a work of warning: please do not exaggerate the introduction of more super-powered beings with weird monickers. What with all the people and their special gimmicks you have already, you'd need to keep a scorecard.

Michael Gass
Eidinghausener Str 117
D-4970 Bad Oeynhausen
West Germany

Dear Ralph,

I found D.P. 7 to be extremely well written, and Paul Ryan's art was stupendous. I think D.P. 7 is the best book to come out of the new Universe. In issue #1 it looks as if Randy will become the leader of this interesting group. I'm curious to find out where and how they set up their headquarters now that they've found the Clinic is against them. Already I'm hoping Stephanie gets a divorce so that Mr. David Landers (a guy that big you have to call Mister) can have "his way" with her. It also looks as if Hackbarth will be quite a formidable foe for some time to come, sort of the main "villain" for the seven. The Displaced Paranormals all seem to come from different backgrounds. I wonder how each of them will sever ties with their old lives so they can get on with the new. I was surprised that there wasn't a scientist among the D.P. 7 . . . or are you holding back on us? It seems one would be needed in the future. Well, maybe. All I can say is congratulations on a fine book, one that I'll be reading every month.

T.T. Turcotte
18 Farm Lane
Seabrook, NH 03874

And that's the way the mail's been coming in, folks—overwhelmingly (almost embarrassingly) favorable toward the Displaced Paranormals. Of course, having just one issue to judge what a series will be about can be misleading. (How many of you really thought we'd reach issue #10, and still no one has bothered to make a masked identity for him/herself and go out and do good deeds?) So let us know if you like the course the D.P.'s adventures have taken or if we've actually strayed too far from the tried and true super-people tradition. And now, to end this page . . . a letter that begs to be answered.

Dear Marvel,

Is "paranormal" as in Displaced Paranormals just a fancy way of saying "mutant"? It seems to me that all those people at the Clinic for Paranormal Research could just be mutants whose powers manifested late. Please let me know.

Jon Bristad
823 Habhegger
Sparta, WI

"Paranormal" is *not* just another word for "mutant," Jon. A mutant is a person (or other living organism) who at birth has a unique trait or characteristic encoded in his or her genetic structure. (In some cases, that trait does not fully become apparent until the organism undergoes adolescence or reaches maturity.) A paranormal, in the sense it is used in the New Universe, is a person who was born perfectly normal and acquires by some means or another a trait or characteristic totally unexpected by the organism's genetic structure. If you've gone through adolescence already, you know if you're a mutant or not by now. But you could still have time to become a paranormal. Look at Lenore . . . she was perfectly normal until age 66, and then acquired paranormal abilities. All clear?

More of your letters next month—so write now!